

Do You Like Remus?

by elmccabe

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Summary: James bothering Lily to find out if she likes Remus

Do You Like Remus?

"Do you like Remus?"

Lily didn't even have to look up to know who was asking her. He sat down next to her at the empty Gryffindor table that Sunday morning. Lily sipped her coffee slowly and closed her book, crossing her legs, and turning to the four-eyed boy looking at her intensely.

"Good morning to you too, James." She smiled at him.

James rolled his eyes at her smile. He looked around at the mostly empty hall. He knew he would have to wake up early to catch Lily since she ate at ungodly hours and if he didn't know he'd have to have this conversation in the library. He hated the library.

"Do you like Remus?" he repeated, "You know, as more than a friend?"

"I understood the question the first time," she said gently, giving him a pointed look.

"I'm being serious Evans," he protested, "I need to know."

Lily pretended she didn't know why he was asking. She and James had been spending loads of time together lately, more than she and Remus ever had, but she still did spend a lot of time with Remus. She was surprised it took James until seventh year to ask.

"James," she sighed, "Why are you asking me this?"

James looked surprised at the question. She knew that whatever he thought she would say it wasn't that. He seemed to be wrestling with

the right words and he finally blurted it out.

"I just-you and Remus well- you guys are always- Evans I still fancy you and I didn't want to do anything if you liked \_Remus\_ and I didn't know how to find out if you liked him. I thought I'd ask but now I'm feeling rather stupid so I'll understand if you want to take the mickey out of me for this-" James rambled, his hands shaking, and he only stopped when he saw Lily's shit eating grin and quiet giggles. "\_What\_ is so funny, Evans?"

"You woke up at seven in the morning to interrupt my breakfast and ask if I like Remus because you fancy me?" Lily asked.

"Um, yes?" James said.

"You're such a prat," Lily laughed again and James flushed.

"Just add that to the list of my accomplishments I guess," James shrugged, pretending to be much more nonchalant than he felt.

"Oh yes, that's a very long list," Lily nodded solemnly, "Captain of the Quidditch team, Head Boy, Slughorn's least favorite student ever, mortal enemy of Filch, huge pratâ€¦."

"You're forgetting stunningly handsome, impeccable sense of humor, heart of gold, and squeaky clean reputation." James answered.

They both laughed at this and when it died down they were left with sincere looks on their faces. They both knew they couldn't avoid what James said earlier forever.

"I don't like Remus," Lily said, "Not like that."

James exhaled and tried not to look too happy. He settled for a big grin instead.

"Right, well, thank you for that information," he said and stood up and made to walk away.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Lily called when he was two steps away and he turned around.

"Am I?" James asked, still trying to appear casual, his heart positively trying to jump out of his chest.

"You asked me if I liked Remus because you liked me," Lily smiled, blushing, "And I told you I didn't fancy Remus. Don't you want to know how I feel about you?"

James sat down slowly next to her again. She was stunning, this he knew, and this was a fact, after all. But here he was, giving her his heart, letting her have the power to rip it to shreds if she wanted. But she was Lily Evans and no matter what her faults, messing with other people's hearts was not one of them. So he answered.

"Only if it's good." James said weakly, his body too rigid to play along with his joking manner.

"As it happens, I fancy you a great deal too, you big prat," Lily said, "and even though my voice is dangerously shaky as I tell you

this and my pride might be wounded from admitting it, I might go mad if we continue this dance of pretending we don't care what the other thinks much longer."

James was thunderstruck. This was what he was waiting for. This is what he looked forward to since he was fifteen. This was Lily Evans, blowing his mind again and again and again, and with a grin on her face too.

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